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ing brilliant in it, since he seems not to have elevated himself to the Idea (as Plato speaks of the "splendor of ideas"), nor to have reduced the individual to it. But if Aristotle has omitted to treat the universal Idea in a logical manner (for otherwise his so-called logic, which is something entirely different, would be recognized as an exposition of the method in which the one Idea appears in all), yet on the other hand the one Absolute, the Idea of God, appears in Aristotle's Philosophy, but as a particular somewhat, side by side with the others, notwithstanding it represents all truth. It is just as if one should say: "There are plants, animals, men, and besides these *God, the most excellent.*"

From the total series of ideas which Aristotle goes over, we will now select specimens in detail from the special provinces. *First*, I will speak of his Metaphysics and its characteristics; *secondly*, of the special sciences which Aristotle sketched, giving the fundamental idea of Nature as he defined it; *thirdly*, I will mention some things of spirit [Mind], and of the soul and its conditions; after this [*fourthly*], the logical treatises of Aristotle will form a conclusion to the whole.

THE VENUS OF MILO.

Translated from the German of HERMAN GRIMM, by ALICE S. MILLARD.

Before me stands the mask of the Venus of Milo. After years, I look upon it daily, sometimes indifferently, sometimes with foreign thoughts, without knowing what I have before me, and suddenly it is there again as if I saw it for the first time, more beautiful than I ever beheld it. Whatever adorns and exalts a woman in our eyes is united for me in these lineaments. I think upon the reserved dignity of the Juno and find it repeated here; I think of the rejected tenderness of Psyche, and her tears appear to roll down these cheeks; I think of the captivating smiles of Aphrodite,—it plays around these lips.

What a curve to these lips! The upper one protruding gently in the middle, then receding on both sides, then again

gently swelling, and finally sinking in the corners of the mouth, which is open; only a little. Does she speak? Does she sigh? Does she breathe-in the sacrificial smoke which rises to her? All; whatever one thinks she is doing, that she does. Daintily and with a slight dimple under it, as though it would almost divide it, lies the under lip beneath the upper, which overarches it a trifle, in the manner one often sees in children; but nothing small or tiny comes into these marvellous forms. Softly moulded off and amply rounded, the chin projects, and a full, strong roundness lies between it and the neck, which, neither delicate like the Venus de Medici nor slender like the Diana with the stag, is yet of most perfect symmetry, needing no further embellishing epithet.

The eyes appear small, yet one notices this only when one examines them singly. The eye-lids are thin and without sharp contour. How differently they stand out in the Pallas Athene of Phidias, in which one almost seems to see the threatening eyelashes and the flashing eye which they shade. And this statue is not attributed to Phidias, but to his more impressible and less severe follower Skopas, or his school. The brows are slightly arched, and pressed down upon the eyes. The forehead is low and broad; the cheeks not full, but broad; the bridge of the nose not low, but gradually converging between the eyes, then again diverging and blending with the cheeks, and finally at the end resuming afresh a more distinct form. Yet here there is nothing sharp nor angular in its formation; full and softly rounded, even slightly drooping (in profile one of the most delicate lines), it corresponds to the dilated nostrils and the open mouth, whose upper lip begins with delicate blending almost immediately under it.

Considering every part by itself, one feels a temptation to find each separately too strong; but if one compares the parts with each other, they appear almost too small. I shall not seek to explain this, and indeed I know not the reason. This contradiction strikes me only when I inspect the head closely and for a long time. But however often one may take it and study it, there will always appear new and surprising lines, and yet never even the most insignificant curve that one could

wish otherwise. Lights and shadows work magically upon it when one brings a light to it in the evening, in different positions. Then all lives before you; the lips tremble, the eyes flash, and the cheeks swell. What appears by daylight an empty, smooth outline, receives in the uncertain glimmer life-like expression; on the forehead appear transitions, an imperceptible modelling, and one seems to have discovered what lends the eyes such charm, for there seem drawn around them great, wonderful cavities, from which they beam forth so radiantly. A smile nestles in the corners of the mouth, such a smile as only the Goddess could give who yielded herself to mortals, and yet never was weak and mortal herself. If the face alone says so much, what of the entire figure!

Universally it is acknowledged as the most beautiful that remains to us of ancient art. I do not know the original, only the cold, gypsum cast, set up in the new museum here, in a position in which the light falling from one side invests the figure with indifferent light and shade. And yet the place is not unfavorable. It stands alone in a niche. One can approach it very close, and then withdraw; one feels the noble repose, the majesty of the appearance; one would fain turn from it;—and yet so many years have passed since the artist applied his chisel for the last time, and there no longer lives a people who reverence her as the symbol of eternal feelings.

The charm of novelty is not frivolous; the age in which we live is the best, better than all that have gone before; the spring, whose air we breathe, the most beautiful,—its nightingale song sweeter than those of the year that is past. It is impossible to conjure ourselves back into the feelings of past ages. What remain to us from those palmy days of art, no longer possess for us that charm which was once its greatest. The people live no longer who embraced the artist and his works through which he unveiled the mysteries of his own being, which at the same time were those of his people.

What to me is this figure of a Goddess? Of what use to me are the thoughts which it awakens in me? They are an unfruitful longing foreign to myself. As soon as it begins to speak, I look upon her; I think, thus she arose from the foam of the sea, pure, like the waves from which she sprang;

her soul shining through the unveiled limbs as for us the most beautiful limbs appear through folds of graceful drapery. Not like the Venus de Medici, around whom hovers a rosy cloud of grace, loud with the rushing of the wings of her doves that bear the earthly delight to the skies, but freely as Prometheus brought down the fire, she appears to have caught the spark of celestial love in order to lend it to the race that reverently looks up to her. I see a temple through whose open roof a warm, softened light streams upward—an altar from which the veils of sacrificial vapor arise; there she stands faultless, untouched by rough hands' (whether of those who overthrew her, or of those who re-exhumed her); roses lie at her feet, and the maiden that now tremblingly looks up to her, saw her in her childhood standing there, and smiling, as if it were impossible she should not divine her secret and grant any wish the heart dared cherish. The temple was her own from the lowest step to the pinnacle of the gable, animated by the mysterious rhythm of symmetry. From its top a view of the mountainous isles of Greece, of the sea from which she rose, and of the heavens whose blue was caught up from its waves, but in heart freedom; and all around, the rapid ships coming and going in swarms, carrying victorious warriors, and at the oars the slaves whom they had captured, in fettered servitude.

Those who lived then saw the Goddess with other eyes than we, who look upon the shattered form, whose temple and altar have vanished, of whom we know nothing, not even so much as by whom and when she was finished, where she stood, or even how the arms were formed, whose beauty we nevertheless seem to divine from the magnificent shoulders from which they have been ruthlessly torn. Surely she is fair. Admiration and astonishment she awakens! Fancy bears us back forcibly to her times, yet she remains a stranger among us, and, while we are lost in the beholding, a low voice reminds us there is now no heart for us in this beauty.

This statue affects me as do the Poets of Greece, who touch my deepest emotions, but (if I stop to reflect) more through a cold compulsion than because I fully give myself up to them, and, unsatiated, demand more. Orestes and Œdipus, Iphigenia and Antigone, what have they in common with my

heart? Involuntarily we invest them with what we wish to find in them, and enjoy the delusion—but it is only a delusion.

Time and peoples pursue ways too diverse. The world divides itself into freemen and the slaves. People made war upon each other only to extirpate each other—other laws, other family ties, another pity, another ambition, rest and motion other than those we apprehend and demand. The Poet truly rises above his time, and yet he is unthinkable apart from his own time. The higher the blossom aspires towards the sun, the deeper do the roots strike downward into the earth which bears them and others. A dull echo of all these things comes back to us and causes wonderment from the works of the old poets, penetrates everything that pertains to antiquity, and fills us with vague surprise. It is a partition-wall raised between them and us. This wall may be transparent, as if built of purest crystal, and yet it remains insurmountable. An all-overstretching impulse toward equality of rights, before God and the Law, alone controls to-day the history of our race. Therein are rooted all our usages and feelings. We are living, those times are dead. Our passionate aspirations cannot find their satisfaction in what was intended to satisfy the long-ago realized longings of long-departed ages. These creations, even if they were yet more beautiful and wonderful, are no more a necessity for us. They will never be destroyed through our negligence. They will ever tell us what their masters attained,—how they gave themselves up entirely to Nature as the only way to enable them to give form to what is great. Our leisure they will always delight, but our passions they will never soothe. Should Homer suddenly fail us, the tragic poets, Pindar and others—were all the monuments of ancient art to be destroyed, an immense loss would be ours. But would we give up Goethe, Shakespeare, or Beethoven, in order to regain them? Would we hesitate if here should lie all the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Murillo, and there all the treasures of the ancients, and the choice were given us? Let us enjoy them both; let us not imitate the senseless procedure of those who would take the study of the classics out of the hands of our youth; but let us feel the difference between that which

is closely related to us, and that which we wonder at—that which moulds and instructs us, and that which we verily cannot excel even if we attempted it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS.*

By RICHARD RANDOLPH.

The natural antithesis of Matter and Spirit finds expression in the Hegelian paradox that Being and Not-Being are identical. As all language is at best but the expression of impressions, and even current language only that of impressions generally prevailing, it is evidently in vain to demand absolute truthfulness in its use. Being indeed wholly symbolical in its nature, its very accuracy is contingent upon a certain degree of imagination in the parties to its use. Viewed as an ultimate rule, "the letter" thus necessarily "kills." It is enough that it be comparatively true, or that every new utterance shall exhibit a progress in the work of defining the independent consistency of truth, and its own dependent inconsistency. So far as Matter and Spirit are distinct ideas, Matter is certainly not Spirit, and Spirit is certainly not Matter. Whensoever, therefore, owing to the limitation of our natural faculties we may be conversant solely with the realm of Matter, while the changes in that realm actually indicate the presence of Spiritual Force, our impression of the result naturally suggests the expression that nothing is something. And, on the other hand, we may be so exclusively engaged in contemplating the higher or spiritual aspects of our experience, as to withhold from the lower even the restricted acknowledgment which is their due, and so with equal verisimilitude affirm that their something is nothing. Being and Not-Being, it might be thus argued, must be occasionally identical, until all antithesis shall be merged in synthesis,—until all mysteries shall be fathomed, at least so far as

* The Philosophy of Mathematics with special reference to the Elements of Geometry and the Infinitesimal Method. By Albert Taylor Bledsoe, A.M., LL.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.